DEPARTMENT



By ROBERT MORRIS PECK.

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These Cheyennes are excellent horse men, and exhibited some feats of horse-manship today that would seem almost incredible, such as slipping down on the horse's side and shooting arrows from under the animal's neck, while on the run; picking up things off the ground while the horse was running; picking up their wounded comrades and carrying them off.

One Indian was seen running his horse
at the top of his speed, while one of his
(the Indian's) legs was broken and flopping about as he ran, during the fight. One

ping about as he ran, during the fight. One feat that I witnessed myself excels anything that I ever saw or heard of, and, I am afraid, will hardly be believed.

Capt. Beall, of "A" Co., and a German of my company, (E), named Muniky, were present and witnessed the same.

The three of us were chasing the Indian, and seemed to be gaining on him—all putting their horses down to their best speed—when the Indian looked back and saw that we were overtaking him. He saw that we were overtaking him. He then began to lighten himself and horse throwing away his bow and arrows. He then sprung out of the saddle—without checking the speed—on to the horse's back just behind the saddle, and reaching down with his knife cut the girth. Then took with his knife cut the girth. Then took the saddle and blanket and threw them away, sprung back into his place where the saddle had been. Then changing his long lance—which he had held all this time in his bridle hand—into his right hand he gave it a whirl about his head and a few yells, and the pony began leaving us so fast that we saw it was no use to follow him further. I never could un-derstand why the Indian should throw away his bow and arrows, his most ef-fective weapons, and retain the lance. Capt. Beall reined up his horse and

"Men, that fellow deserves his life and "Men, that fellow deserves his into all liberty. Let him go."

So we gave up the chase and as no others were near, we retraced our steps, stopping to pick up the Indian's bow and

arrows, and some other "fixin's" that he had thrown away.

[Capt. Wm. N. R. Beall; resigned August, 1861; became Brigadier-General, C. S. A., 1861-65; died July 26, 1883.—Ed.]

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

Private Rollin M. Taylor, of my com-Private Rollin M. Taylor, of my company, (E), had a desperate hand-to-hand fight with a big Cheyenne warrior today, the particulars of which, as given by Taylor himself, are substantially as follows:

"As the Indians closely pressed by, our men rushed pell-mell across the river, many horses mired down in the quicksands and a number of our men, as well as the real name was Marshal, and that our prest most nothing to eat, and a certainty fate, and floundered through to the other that, and floundered through to the other that, and floundered through to the other that, and floundered through to the other than the deserted. He often expressed the time he deserted. He often expressed the control of was one that stuck, but Taylor stayed with him, and after some delay managed to extract him, and safely made the other bank, but minus his rifle, which he had lost in the river. When he reached the bank, however, he found himself alone, his comrades having gone ahead, following and fighting the retreating Cheyennes. On looking about him, he espied a lone war-rior, afoot, making off up the slope on a trot, who had probably lost his horse in

Taylor let it drop-hanging by the saber knot to his wrist-drew his revolver and

back toward his fallen foe.

Taylor quickly picked himself up, but could not find his revolver, and his horse was rendered useless by a broken leg. His saber hanging to his wrist was all the weapon he had left, and taking that in his hand he started to meet the enemy, the Indian meantime shooting arrows at him as he advanced, one going through up to him, but I was too hard-headed for Then, after hearing Taylor relate the partial and the particulars of the fight, he commended the little fellow for his pluck and then suddenly remarked:

But, really, Taylor, I never gave you any great credit for bravery. I was surprised to hear that you had acquitted prised to hear that you had acquitted grave that had been dropped or thrown away by some of our men, Taylor quickly grabbed it up, but finding it was empty clubbed it and threw it at his enemy, who was now only a few yards from him.

The Indian dodged the commended the little fellow for his pluck and then suddenly remarked:

"But, really, Taylor, I never gave you any great credit for bravery. I was surprised to hear that you had acquitted yourself so well."

"I don't take no great credit to myself on that score, Major, but you know the old saving old saving to the fight, he commended the little fellow for his pluck and then suddenly remarked:

"But, really, Taylor, I never gave you any great credit for bravery. I was surprised to hear that you had acquitted yourself so well."

"I don't take no great credit to myself on that score, Major, but you know the old saving the day before."

who was now only a few yards from him.

The Indian dodged the carbine, then picked it up and threw it back at Taylor, but missed him. Seeing that the Cheyenne was out of arrows, Taylor rushed at him

him, but found the powerful savage almost a match for him with no weapon but his bow and butcher-kuife. He would ward off Taylor's blows with his bow, now and then making a lunge at the little soldier with his knife.

In this manner they fought for some minutes (Taylor says he thought it hours) the Indian's bow being nearly chopped to pieces parrying his adversary's saber cuts. Once the saber glanced down the Indian's arm, taking out a huge slice, from which fight. Once he changed his knife quickly pear to keep the old sarried the light-cavalry blades. The Major told Taylor to keep the old heavy Dragoon sabers, while most of us carried the light-cavalry blades. The Major told Taylor to keep the old heavy Dragoon sabers, while most of us carried the light-cavalry blades. The Major told Taylor to keep the old heavy Dragoon sabers, while most of us carried the light-cavalry blades. The Major told Taylor to keep the old heavy Dragoon sabers, while most of us carried the light-cavalry blades. The Major told Taylor to keep the old heavy Dragoon sabers, while most of us carried the light-cavalry blades. The Major told Taylor to keep the wolves out. Then as a last farewell the bugle sounded "taps," or "lights out," when the escort and procession are faced about and march off to quick time and live-light beautiful the bugle sounded "taps," or "lights out," when the escort and procession are faced about and march off to quick time and live-light beautiful the bugle sounded "taps," or "lights out," when the escort and procession are faced about and march off to quick time and live-light beautiful the bugle sounded "taps," or "lights out," when the escort and procession are faced about and march off to camp.

The Major bled the light-cavalry blades.

The Major bled heavy Dragoon sabers, while most of us carried the light-cavalry blades.

The Major bled heave the light-cavalry blade

man, was nearly played out, and begun to think that his chances were doubtful. Both men drew back a pace or two for a breathing spell, when Taylor thought he noticed the Indian stagger a little, as if a mighty useless piece of furniture for a from weakness; and taking his saber in both hands, rushed at the Cheyenne furiously, siming a heavy blow at his head. The red skin saw that he could not parry such a cut with his splintered and hacked bow, and so sprung backward to get out of the saber's reach, but in doing so You'd better learn to rely on your Sharp's in some way and fell

sprawling on his back.

Quick as a cat, Taylor sprung upon his And I found from was about right; I fallen foe, thrusting his saber through him, and into the ground, then sat down on him, completely exhausted. The dying Indian raised his head a little and made man, this evening how many Indians he an inquiring sign to know if Taylor was going to take his scalp. Taylor assured him by signs that he would not scalp him. A smile of satisfaction passed over his thing, and that is that I face, as he dropped his head back and them as they did of me."

While still sitting on the dead Indian, panting, the first one to reach him was one of our rawnes scouls, who came not ing up, drew his knife and made a sign to Taylor that he wanted to take the Cheyenne's scalp. Taylor told him "no," ragged. On parade the Adjutant read an order from the Colonel highly commend-

imself away he would use it on him.

Quite a crowd had gathered about the

our 20-days' rations were out this even-ing; we ate the last of them for supper. We will be restricted to a diet of beef alone, now, and for fear of that running out, we are cut down to three-fourths of a ound per day to each man.

little hero and his dead enemy by this time—several soldiers and officers and several Pawnees; and when it was ex-A full ration of beef is one and oneplained to them through an interpreter that he had promised the dead Cheyenne that he should not be scalped, they refourth pounds per day per man. This is a plenty when we are getting full rations of other things, such as coffee, sugar, bread, beans, rice, salt, etc., but to be conuctantly agreed to forego the pleasure of fired, beans, rice, and, etc., our fined to poor beef alone, and but little over half rations of that, is pretty slim fare for hearty men to make big marches on.

The prospect is not flattering. The Taylor had long ago (when we were re-cruits together at Jefferson Barracks) con-fided to me that he was a deserter from

The prospect is not flattering. The camp seems gloomy. True, we have whipped the Cheyennes, but here we are, away out in the wilderness, hundreds of we came in sight of the Cheyenne village Co. A, 2d Art.; that he deserted from the company in California two or three years previous to this time. He said that his miles from a human habitation, with al-



"HE WOULD WARD OFF TAYLOR'S BLOWS WITH HIS BOW."

It makes us thankful that our own dead

and wounded are cared for.

In the morning, instead of resuming our march, we remained in camp till noon, to bury the dead soldiers, Lynch and Cade,

and to throw up a breastwork of sod for the protection of the infantry company,

who will be left here to care for the wounded.
We leave them our ambulance, also, to

and, prayer book in hand.

In the firing party, which was ranged alongside, was Private Jones, a recruit, who had just made the discovery that there was a piece of rag fast in his carbine

that would prevent his firing, and as he seemed to think that the whole ceremony

would be a failure if he didn't get t

fire off his piece with the rest of the escort

he was very much worked up over it.

Perkins had begun very solemnly:
"Man that is born of woman, his days

are few and full of trouble," when Jone

interrupted him in a loud "stage whisper

"Lieutant, they's a rag in my gun."
Perkins frowned and shook his head at

"Man that is born of woman, hi

Feeling the responsibility of the whol

affair resting on his carbine, Jones again

interrupted:
"But, Lieutenant, they's a rag in my

Throwing a withering look on the of

fender, Perkins squelched him with:
"Shut up, you fool, you ain't got the
sense of a louse." And then very solemn-

ly proceeded with the ceremony.
[Lieut. John N. Perkins served in 13th

ones, and began again:

of recognition, he had come to think that

AFRAID OF HIS MAJOR.

is old Captain had forgotten him. His doubts on this point were set at rest, however, this evening, when, as we were sitting by the camp-fire, Taylor cleaning the blood off his saber, the Major passed by. Seeing Taylor thus employed, Maj.

by. Seeing Taylor thus employed, and, Sedgwick stopped suddenly and, seeming to speak without thinking, said: "Marshal,"—then suddenly correcting "Marshal,"—then suddenly correcting himself-"or, Taylor, I should have said

knot to his wrist—drew his revolver and started galloping after the Indian. He had not gone far until his horse tramped in a prairie-dog hole and fell, pitching Taylor over his head, his revolver flying some distance out of his hand. The Indian as we the accident and turned and started back toward his fallen foe.

Taylor quickly picked himself up, but Taylor quickly picked himself up, but I away with him at last."

himself—"or, Taylor, I should have said. I'm told you had a tough fight of it with that big Indian upon the hill, there."

"Yes, sir," said Taylor, turning red in the face, for he saw by the Major's addressing him as "Mashal" that he had dressing him as "Mashal" that he had dressing him as "Mashal" that he had a tough fight of it with that big Indian upon the hill, there."

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"Yes, sir," said Taylor, turning red in the face, for he saw by the Major's addressing him as "Mashal" that he had a tough fight of it with that big Indian upon the hill, there."

horse got away with him at last."
leg. "Did he give you that?" said the Major. pointing to the little split in the skin of

Taylor's forehead.
"Yes, sir," answered Taylor, "he struck

"I don't take no great credit to myself on that score, Major, but you know the old saying, 'corner a coward and he'll fight like the devil." I had the advantage service read by some commissioned officer of him till my horse fell and threw me. Then the tables were turned, and I saw that one of us had to die, and so I did my earth shoveled in until the grave is nearly with his saber, thinking to easily finish level best. But, say, Major, before we filled, then the remaining space is filled him, but found the powerful savage almost get into another fight, I'd like to swap with plants of the prickly pear to keep

to his left hand, and grabbed the saber blade with his right, only to get his hand badly cut in trying to twist the saber out of Taylor's hand.

By this time Taylor, who was a small man, was nearly played out, and begun to think that his chances were doubtful mere matter of form. The officers use

mere matter of form. The officers use such means to impress new recruits; but, let me tell you; I've always found a saber soldier; more for ornament than use. And as an arm to fight Indians with, you won't often get in saber distance of a hostile redskin. The argument is generally set-

rifle and navy. They are the things for Indian fighting."

And I found Tom was about right; I

man, this evening how many Indians he had killed in the fight.

"Well, really," said Murphy, "I didn't count them. But I'm dead sure of one thing, and that is that I killed as many of these at the wind of me."

GETTING BEADY TO MOVE ON. We were all ordered out this evening on "undress parade,"—that is, just in our fatigue clothes—of course, we have no others now—and these are getting rather

ing the men and officers for their gallantry in action, etc., and sincerely regretting the death of two brave men and wounding of a dozen more. Then followed an order detailing Capt. Renssclaer W. Foote's company, [Capt. Foote was killed at Gaines's Mills, Va., June 27, 1862.—Ed.] While this was going on the rest of us were busy spading up sod and laying it up in a wall, to protect the infantry and wounded, until they were able to travel, and then to make his way back to Fort Kearny; the rest of us to continue the and then to make his way back to Fort Kearny; the rest of us to continue the pursuit of the Cheyennes.

Square space large enough to contain the little garrison and their animals.

It is probable that in after years the

first settlers of northwest Kansas found the remains of this little fort, and won-dered by whom and for what purpose it was built. It was all Kansas Territory then, clear to the mountains—Counties not laid out—and I don't know just where to locate it. But it was on the south bank of the Solomon River, well toward the head of that stream. There is no timber on the Solomon here except a few scattering cottonwood and elm trees,

AN ABANDONED CHEYENNE CAMP. About noon we bid good-by to the infantry company detailed to remain and protect the wounded, and struck out south lodges all standing, about 300 of them, but no herds of ponies, or other signs of life to indicate the presence of the enemy, and soon our scouts, (the Delawares—the Paw nees having been left with Capt. Foote's company of infantry) came back with the news that the village was abandoned by the Cheyennes, evidently the previous eve-ning, and in such haste that they had left

all their lodges standing and a great deal of their other property. We soon reached the village, which was well located in a horse-shoe bend of a small creek. The defeated warriors, coming back after the fight, must have ere ated a panic; for they had left nearly ev ated a panic; for they had left hearly everything—seemingly, from appearances, to have gathered their ponies and packed only such few things as they could grab in their hurry. A few old, broken-down ponies were left. Great quantities of dried buffalo meat, buffalo robes, buckskins, anteliope skins, wolf and fox skins, blankets, mocrasius loggings—all sorts, of Indian moccasins, leggings—all sorts of Indian "fixin's" in great profusion were found in

the lodges.

It is customary when in camp for a war-rior to set up a small slim pole in front of his lodge, on which he hangs the scalps that he has taken. These are prized very highly, and the case must be extremely urgent when a brave will leave these tro-phies. I found several of these little roles urgent when a brave will leave these trophies. I found several of these little poles, strung with scalps, still standing in front of the lodges. These, I concluded, were the property of the warriors who had been killed in the fight of yesterday, and their families or relations had been so frightened as to forget them. I pulled down one pole, bearing six or eight scalps, and selecting one or two as relics, threw the balance away. These were stretched on light willow hoops, the flesh side dressed and some of them ornamented on the flesh side with beads, paint or porcupine quills. side with beads, paint or porcupine quills.

After going through the village and

neighing ourselves to see to be down their could make use of, we tore down their lodges and piled them and all other proposers in hems and set fire to them. We the comfortable homes they have left, and resolving, if they ever get back, to stay there. But that won't relieve our present erty in heaps and set fire to them. We appropriated the dried buffalo meat, and wants. It becomes us as men to look the facts squarely in the face, and prepare packed a lot of it on our mules, for future Sitting by our campfires we can plainly hear the barking and snarling of the wolves that are feasting on the dead Cheyennes, who were left lying where they fell. ise, but could find nothing else in the line

After destroying their village we camped for the night on the bank of the adjacent

In the morning we resumed our march, following the trail of the Cheyennes, which is a very plain one, going southward.

Through a dry, barren and desolate country they are leading us where we can find no game for our subsistence, very little grass for our animals, and watering

places few and far between.

But on we go, day after day, making as long marches as our men and animals can endure, our subsistence being cut down to three-fourths of a pound of very haul the wounded in, and a dozen head of beef cattle for their subsistence. When these are gone they will have to eat their pack-mules, unless they can reach the buf-The dead were "buried with the honors of war," the ceremony being necessarily much abbreviated here to what it would have been in garrison.

A howitzer was dismounted and the gun-carriage used for a hearse. Having necessity the hear was dismounted and the gun-carriage used for a hearse. poor beef per day to each man-not a bit of anything else but beef and water, both of poor quality and of small quantity. Not even a grain of salt to season our beef and water. We seem to erave salt very much. We sometimes sprinkle in a little gun-

powder for sensoning, but it makes a very poor substitute for salt. We draw our rations of beef each afternoon, after coming into camp, a Texas steer being killed each day, for the subsistence of the command—the one usually selected being the one about to give out on the march, and if one gives out during the day's march he is butchered on the trail and the meat packed on our mules till we arrive in camp. The entrails of the beef and every vestige that can be utilized as food are greedily devoured by

the starving soldiers.

Our officers fare about like the men They possibly get a little more beef to the man than is allowed each soldier, but they have nothing but beef and water. Even the old Colonel comes down to the com-mon bill of fare. The men become so ray-enous that it is found necessary to post two guards over the beef, while the butcher is cutting it up, to keep them from car-rying the meat off, and when the entrails are thrown aside, a hungry crowd pounces onto them like a pack of famished woives. Each company's allowance of beef is slung on a pole between two men and carried to the company's camp. There it is cut up and divided between the messes, and

usually eaten for supper—the amount being too small to make two meals. This is nearly starvation. But for 23 days we lived thus, marching from 25 to 30 miles per day, before we got to reach the full rations again. On rare occasions we kill a little game. For instance, one day some man of my mess killed a wolf, and we had a grand feast of wolf meat. On another occasion a pole-cat was killed and we ate that. One day I found a couple of young buzzards—little downy fellows, like goslings—in a nest in an old tree near camp, and I and my chums had a mess of stewed buzzard. In this way the bill of fare was varied some, but not

much improved. Now and then a horse or mule would Now and then a norse or mue would give out, and the Colonel would order it to be shot, the men usually helping themselves to the meat. When any of our animals would become so exhausted as to be unable to keep up with the command, they were always killed to prevent their falling into the hands of the Indians.

We found many new mode graves on

We found many new-made graves on the trail, indicating that the Cheyennes were burying their warriors as they died from wounds received in the late fight. Those of our men who use tobacco—and they nearly all do—seem to suffer extremely for want of it. They say they can stand it better to do without food than without tobacco. I have seen them smoking dried sumach leaves, and various kinds of bark and chewing pieces of smoking dried sumach leaves, and various kinds of bark, and chewing pieces of

(Continued on fifth page.)

THE WINNERS.

U. S. Treasury Receipts for Monday, March 25, 1901, 82,098,450.04—the figures guessed at. Exact guess wins Bull's-Eye prize, \$2,000. Nearest guess wins first prize, next nearest second prize, and so on. Second prize, \$100, won by I. P. Schlabach, 943 E. Market St., Akron, Ohio, by guess . . . 2,098,421.55. Tenth prize, \$25, won by C. C. Townsend, Box 183, Cleveland, Ohio, by guess 2,098,221.16. Eleventh prize, \$25, won by B. Hainline, Emporis, Kan., by guess 2,098,204.47. Thirteenth prize, \$25, won by F. B. Dumbleton, Bayard, Ohio, by guess 2,098,186.76.

Fifteenth prize, \$25, won by Hermann Buddemeier, Washington, Mo., by gness 2,098,738.87. Note.-The Bull's-Eye prize was not won, but the first prize winner came with \$3.37 of winning it. Bank checks for the above amounts were mailed to the respective winners March 26-the day after the contest was decided.

Ohio leads among the winners, simply because subscribers and club-raisers from that State sent in winning guesses. These contests are very popular in Ohio, and her people send in plenty of guesses. The prices go to winners wherever they are, whether widely distributed throughout the Union, as in the previous contest, or largely in one State, as in the present contest, The publishers and editors have no personal acquaintance with any of the above winners, nor, indeed, with any of the win-

Plenty of news from winners next week.



By ALBION W. TOURGEE.

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There is no isolation like that of a crowd. Gilbert and Margaret, weaving in and out along the leafy paths, talked as freely as if they were quite alone in the world. Past the merry, chattering and it's rather late for a relapse now." the lodges.

They seemed in the first place to have been so confident of whipping us, that the warriors had rigged themselves up in their best war toggery, and marched out 15 miles to meet us on the Solomon, making no preparation for moving their village; and when the whipped and wounded braves came running back to report the result of the fight—and probably their excitement caused them to greatly exaggerate their defeat—they had no time to take down and pack up lodges, and so ran away and left everything, supposing that we were right on their heels.

It is customary when in camp for a war-

for him. And being contented with her-self she was more charming towards every body else—as is always the case.

"And this illness you've had, Gilbert?" she asked, after they had discussed the Assembly, the Ashbels and a thousand other trivial things. Margaret wondered if he would notice that she called him Gil-bert instead of the old, childish "Will."

"Fever," he answered carelessly. "I thought I told you."

"Perhaps you did. Was it—were you very ill?"

very ill?"
"I suppose so-three weeks in the hos

Margaret clased her hands together with a little nervous movement. "And you—you didn't let anybody know?" "Well, yes," laughing. "The doctor

'Oh, who was that?

"Did you tell him you had been se-"Did I give him particulars? No, I don't think I did," with a chuckle. "Why not?" asked Margaret. She felt little aggrieved at his amusement. She l "Aren't you ever lonely?"

"Oh, Will, dear, we won't let you re-lapse!—I mean, Mrs. Ashbel and I will look after you and see you aren't impru

look after you and see you aren't impru-dent."
"You're very kind," assented Gilbert.
She thought him shockingly cool and un-sympathetic, and they walked on for some time without saying anything. Coming to an empty seat near the plaster Mt. Pisgab, Margaret suggested that they sit down. Then something seemed to change the current of their thoughts, and she suddenly leaned towards Sears, asking eagerly:

eagerly:

"Gilbert, did you write Mr. Bettson you were coming here?"

"Yes—I meant to convalesce here and read a little preparatory law." He laughed and went on. "I went over to Mayville and borrowed a Blackstone of Judge Vandeveer, who looked me over seriously, and when I asked directions for using the book, advised me to apply it as a cushion by day and a pillow by night! I've been getting along pretty slowly, that's a fact. My eyes don't seem to be good for much. You see, the doctor in Cleveland insisted on a month of absolutely fresh air and idleness. He commanded knew, and several other people in Cleve-land, and elsewhere."

"I didn't mean that—but you left all your friends in ignorance."

"Friends?" he repeated, with an emphasis.
"Oh, Gilbert," she exclaimed tremulously, "you know what I mean—any of the people in Summerdale!"
"Yes, I wrote to the only person there in the came with me here to see I didn't sneak off of anything. I go on the water every morning, troll up and down the lake for a while, pull in my spoons, anchor somewhere—anywhere I please—put up an umbrella, throw out a bass line, put on "Bettson. I wrote to him after I left a pair of smoked goggles, take up Black thospital." ing to the hooks, eat my luncheon, and notonous to tell about, but it is very rest-

ful."
"Poor boy," murmured Margaret.



"MARGARET TURNED HER BACK TO SEARS, AND SHOOK WITH NOISELESS

"If I am it isn't the first time.

"Are you going on with it?"

business, Gilbert?"

"Very much."

well enough

Margaret felt the reproach and was silent a moment. Then she asked, rather

"Did your illness interfere with your

"That's what Bettson asked. Yes, I

shall fill out my contract as soon as I am

"Have you heard anything of what hap-pened in Summerdale before we left?" "No," calmly. It seemed even worse to

no curiosity about what it was evident

(Continued on second page).

"He might have been afraid the letter was not disinfected!" The chuckle ripen-ed into downright laughter,

"What would have happened if you had died off there all alone?"
"I thought of that," replied the young man more soberly. "On the whole it might have simplified matters."

"Will!" with a start.

"Oh, nobody ever would have known; they would simply have thought I had intentionally lost myself somewhere in the rest of the world, and have forgotten me in

"But-the papers,"-"But—the papers,"

"They don't publish interments in the Potter's Field. As it happened, not a soul on earth knew that W. Gilbert Sears was lying in a Cleveland hospital at the point of death!"

"Oh, Will!" Margaret put her handkerchief over her mouth to hide her quiv-

A partial list of the current and forthcoming articles and stories will be for mentioned below: ADVENTURES OF AN IRON BRI-GADE MAN. By R. K. Beacham, late

A graphic description of campaigns, battles and marches in the Army of the

Terms of which will be an-

nounced next week. This new contest will be the last,

and it will, probably, be for

the benefit of Club-raisers

only. But this limitation

bars none, because any sub-

scriber may become a Club-

raiser, and thus be entitled to guesses. Very few raise

clubs; therefore, the chances

for winning are very good for

those who start at once and

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Besides its literary attractions, the paper makes a specialty of the doings of Congress and the Executive branches of

raise clubs of fair size.

the Government.

Potomac from the earliest days war, including an elaborate description of the battle of Gettysburg. It is a splendid story.

A VOLUNTEER IN THE PHILIP. PINES. By Lieut. R. G. Rice.

The letters are extremely interesting and at the same time of great practical value. They deal largely with the rich sugar producing island of Panay, and not only are military operations detailed, but the articles abound in descriptions and observations of various natural features of this large island, which will be closely studied by those having an eye toward business in our new "Far West."

CANOEING ALONG NICARAGUAL By Dr. J. Hampden Porter. This interesting series of papers by Dr. orter has several weeks yet to run, with onstantly increasing interest. Not only constantly increasing interest. Not only are the Doctor's adventures always stirring, but the information he gives about Nicaragua is always accurate and at this time has a special interest to the general

BUGLE NOTES FROM DIXIE. By Geo. Dallas Mosgrove. Mr. Mosgrove is well known as a bril-

liant writer and an author with a well-established reputation. The series of paestablished reputation. The series of pa-pers which he is now contributing to our columns cannot fail to add to his already well-earned literary reputation. Although a Confederate cavalryman and writing largely for Union veterans, he never dips his pen in gall, but his work is charac-terized by a spirit of fairness which can-not but please his old-time enemies not but please his old-time enemies. THE SUMMERDALE BRABBLE. By

Hon. Albion W. Tourgee.

A brilliant serial. A Trooper's Story of Fifty Years Ago.

ROUGH RIDING ON THE PLAINS. The author is Robert Morris Peck, late Co. K, 4th U. S. Cav., and the story covers five years of the most exciting service just prior to the war of the rebellion. SI KLEGG AND SHORTY. By John

McElroy.
These soldier boys of ours are just starting on a new campaign, the weekly narra-tion of which will entertain our readers throughout the year.

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